

LUCIFER.

THE LIGHT-BEARER.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. VI., No. 16. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, MAY 1, E. M. 302. [C. E. 1902.]

WHOLE No. 915

THE GALLOWS.

Up and make ready, ye lovers of fun!
On with your holiday-dress and be gay;
Now that the sheriff has work to be done,
Business with pleasure be mingled today!
Some may go hunting with guns; and a few,
Rods in their hands, little fish may pursue:
Ours is the sport that is sanctioned by law—
We go for a hanging—a hanging! Hurrah!

Two months ago on a rare drunken bout
Bill his comrade, the criminal slew
Murder's a deed that is vile, without doubt,
Ergo, the law must turn murderer too.
As for the place the liquor he got—
Liquor which maddened him—yonder's the spot,
Sammy who keeps it approves of the law—
He goes for a hanging—for hanging! Hurrah!

Bright shines the sun on the place where you see
Yonder tall gallows, substantial and bare;
Wait a few hours, and a fellow will be
Dancing fandangoes of fun in the air!
Gathering in groups at the gallows, behold
Parents and children, maids, wives, young and old
Waiting the time when the halter shall draw;
They go for a hanging—for hanging! Hurrah!

Pickpockets plenty are—mark how they go
Slyly and coolly to work at their trade;
Business is business, and people must know
Too much attention to that can't be paid.
Swearing, and fighting, and kicking, the crowd
Utter their blasphemous curses aloud—
Righteous example is set by the law:
Good comes from hanging—for hanging! Hurrah!

Look at the criminal! Please ye to look?
Standing behind him the hangman you see;
There is the priest, with his gown and his book—
Galloping gaily, they go to the tree,
Thanks to the priests who the hangman befriend,
Choking such knaves as 'twere labor to mend,
Hanging they say is Levitical law—
Cheers for the clergy!—they're Christians! Hurrah!

Firmly and proudly the culprit looks round,
Holding his head with a satisfied air;
Murmurs applauding go over the ground;
Down drops the priest with the felon to prayer.
"How interesting his looks are!" says Ann.
"Yes!" answers Sall—"and he'll die like a man!"
Elegant talk for young maidens; but, pshaw!
Shout for the hanging—the hanging! Hurrah!!

Prayers are all finished, and now for the fun!
Over his features the cap has been drawn;
Ketch and his comrade, the preacher, get down,
Crack! goes the whip, and the wagon moves on.
Wonderful sight for the Christian to see;
Merrily dancing on nothing is he.
Though there is no fiddle a hornpipe to saw,
Light are his steps—he's hanging! Hurrah!!

After the rope has been severed in twain,
Home go the people and joyfully sing;

Heaven will receive whom the gallows has slain:

Does not the clergyman settle the thing?
Home go the people and talk of it all—
Children in nursery, servants in hall:
Bub hangs the cat in the manner he saw
Hang at the gallows God's image! Hurrah!!

Rouse ye good clergymen, servants of God—
Stand by my side while I fight for your fun!
Hanging preserves us from shedding of blood—
Remedy like it, there never was one,
Rally your forces, thump pulpits, and be
Clerical guards of the good gallows tree!
What if your Savior denounces the law!
You go for hanging—for hanging! Hurrah!!
—Thomas Dunn English, (1845).

The Persecution of Craddock.

BY ED. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

When good old D. M. Bennett was imprisoned under the false pretense that he had mailed an obscene book ("Cupids Yokes") Charles Bradlaugh wrote him expressing the hope that his conviction might be "the last of its kind in America." With a like hope I witnessed the pretended trial of Ida C. Craddock in the court of special sessions in New York before Judges Hinsdale, McKeon and Mayer.

For years this court has been a nuisance and a pestilence until during the administration of Mayor Strong it became so intolerable that the judges then incumbent were summarily legislated out of office. The court itself instead of being abolished, as it should have been, was reorganized. And the reorganization was no practical improvement. A change in the political complexion of the judges was the only result. There is really no justification for the existence of this court. It does nothing that could not be done more properly either by the magistrates or by the court of general sessions but its main purpose seems to be to defraud an accused out of a jury trial in cases where a jury trial is a matter of right.

While waiting for the Craddock case much of the time of the court was occupied listening to the rascally tales of a class of decoys who induce violations of the law for the express purpose of making cases for prosecution and bringing false and preposterous accusations. With no rebuke to the decoy who entices a publican to sell a ten cent glass of whiskey out of legal hours and with as much mock solemnity as if they were adjudicating controversies of the highest importance these trumpery judges sit day after day wasting the people's time and money and poisoning the sources of justice.

Resolutely refusing to know anything which might aid them in forming an intelligent conception of the case against Mrs. Craddock and in understanding her defense the court with obstinate determination ignobly followed a vicious precedent laid down years ago by a corrupt English judiciary in its effort to retaliate upon political opponents who were exposing its rottenness. It was a reminder of the time when the infamous

Lord Ellenborough got out of a sick bed to sit upon the bench that he might by his personal efforts insure the conviction of John Howe.

In rendering judgment one of these judges, evidently to show how religious he was, went so far out of the record as to characterize Mrs. Craddock's pamphlet as blasphemous, forgetting, if indeed he ever knew, that this was precisely the same accusation that was brought against Jesus Christ in a very similar trial in a very similar court. Evidently this judge's religion did not invest him with sufficient moral character to restrain him from the outrage he was committing though he seemed to be eagerly solicitous about Mrs. Craddock's morals.

Another of these judges twitted Mrs. Craddock with being mercenary and selling her books as a money making scheme though the fact is well known that with the most rigid economy she can barely make a meager living and would have had no counsel to defend her, had not her friends advanced the means. Close beside Mrs. Craddock at this point in the proceedings stood Anthony Comstock who is reputed to get four thousand dollars a year as salary for working his scheme, and I don't know how much more he gets, but this judge somehow or other failed to see Comstock at the moment when he was handing out accusations of mercenary motives so the whole effect of the judge's fulmination bore upon Mrs. Craddock alone. This was a great oversight on the part of the judge.

The sentence inflicted by this court upon this refined delicate sensitive woman for writing a book of superior merit and of the most beneficent purpose was three months confinement in the city prison. And having thus safeguarded society we can imagine these judges retailing bawdy jokes at their clubs in the evening.

Jimmie, the Weaver.

Fitchburg, Mass., March 23. The entire force of weavers in the Fitchburg worsted mills and the B. & O. mills of the American Woolen company struck today in sympathy with the Rhode Island employes of the combine in the struggle against the two-loom system in that state—*Chicago "Daily News."*

Jimmie, the weaver, isn't a weaver; he is a sweeper.

Jimmie used to be a weaver, but now he sweeps out the factory and does odd jobs around;—jobs an old man can do. That's what they call him; "the old man." He is forty-five years old. All men in factory towns in New England are "old" when they are forty-five. As soon as they lose their nimbleness they are cashiered; or the fining system drives them out. Men's fingers are less nimble than women's anyhow; particularly young girls'.

As Jimmie isn't under the strain of watching the looms for a break he is always ready to talk; particularly if he can get off in a corner with you, where the superintendent doesn't see him. Jimmie is faithful enough about the jobs he does; as faithful as you can expect an old man of forty-five to be; but he has been quaking at the thought of the superintendent for so many years; he has been afraid of losing his job for so long, that a furtive, hunted manner has become a sort of second nature to him, and he peers about between the looms as if he expected to be caught and kicked for something he knows he is perfectly innocent of.

You can't expect Jimmie to be a man when he has lived a cowering slave since he was thirteen.

That is not the way men are made.

"Look at that line," said Jimmie. He pointed over the high window ledge. It was nearly noon and a dozen men with "full dinner pails" were filing into the factory yard.

"Late, aren't they?" I said. He read my lips, and understood.

"Devil a bit," he screeched, above the roar of the looms. "On time! the whistle will blow in a minute."

The whistle blew and then he told me.

The men were bringing the dinners to their wives and daughters who worked at the looms. They were all old men all of them over forty;—too old to work.

In the New England factory towns the women earn the liv-

ing and the men wash and cook and look after the neighbors' children. While they are both young enough the mothers and fathers work in the factories together.

This is a fine thing for conjugal felicity; this working together of husband and wife. Of course they get no chance to speak to one another at the factory; and there are so many things to do around "home" that they don't get much chance there either, until the supper dishes are washed up at eight or nine o'clock. Then,—if they are not tired, and the baby is asleep so they cannot get acquainted with it,—is when they have their conversations about art, and literature and the merits of the latest opera. As they are seldom tired, this is the pleasantest time of the day. The strain of watching the looms all day on their feet is removed and they thoroughly enjoy the relaxation.

Of course they cannot go about much. If they should be out two or three nights a week at the opera or concert it might impair their health.

Daylight comes quickly when you're out till twelve or one. Then, too there's no one to leave the baby with. It has been tended all day by some one else.

When both mother and father, all winter long, go into the factory at day break and don't come out of it till night fall there are a few things about "home" to be done, both before they go, and after they return.

For example, there is the washing. By getting up before five o'clock—two or three hours before daylight—and working together by the light of a kerosene lamp, they can get that done. Then comes the ironing; they handle that the same way. The baby makes washing and ironing before daylight a pretty steady job.

Then there is breakfast, scanty enough; they have to hustle so. Seven o'clock comes so soon in the winter, and they can't afford to be docked, they run that risk all day.

Then there is the baby. If the baby had any sense it wouldn't expect attention from a mother who worked all day in the factory and had to do the cooking and dishwashing and marketing and sewing and washing and ironing and before daylight and after dark. But babies haven't any sense. If they had they might blow up the universe, or refuse to be born; but they haven't.

The mothers who work all the week in the factories for six or seven dollars pay some young girl (under thirteen) or some old man (over forty) two or three dollars a week for looking after their babies.

The babies' idea of a mother is a man with a bottle of thin milk.

The mothers' net compensation for the week's work is three or four dollars and the pleasure of hearing their babies cry for someone else,—the one they are used to, and who feeds them. On Sunday, if the washing and sewing are caught up and the house doesn't need cleaning (No "nice" person can bear to see a workingman's house that is not clean!) perhaps the mother and father may have an hour or two to play with the baby, or get a breath of sun and air.

It is a great life, this life of a man and woman together sharing their common tasks. They haven't, of course, much to occupy them except work, but they have plenty of that, and that is the only thing the weavers are afraid of losing.

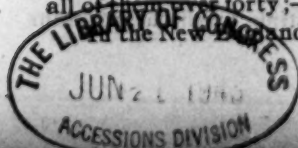
At least Jimmie says so.

Why they should be afraid of losing work is a mystery. The "nice" people surely don't want to do it. But Jimmie says when work is slack "the kids goes hungry."

Doubtless they cannot save very much on six or seven dollars a week and the rent to pay.

As soon as the babies grow up and look large enough not to make their "age thirteen" certificate a lie on its face, it will be easier; their wages will then eke out.

Jimmie says, "You always think good times is comin', but they always beat you somehow. When the kids grows up it don't seem to make no difference. The more comes in the more goes out, it seems."



Now, the double-loom is the threatening monster.

Jimmie doesn't know much about capitalism, but you can't fool him about the double-loom. That is what the strike is about now. The man is fighting the machine.

The double-loom system was developed five years ago. It was born in the textile mills of Philadelphia; that's why people have been so slow in hearing about it.

In Philadelphia the double loom system is employed in the weaving of all woollens, except the heaviest fabrics and those most difficult to weave. In the light fabrics for summer wear one weaver frequently operates four looms. The Philadelphia weaver receives no greater pay now for the operation of four looms than was received five years ago for the operation of one. The pay of many weavers is less than \$8 a week. Women are preferred as weavers in many mills, because of their expertness and "tractability." It is easier to bluff and brow-beat them.

Even if extra compensation were allowed, the double-loom system would be murderous.

"Look," said Jimmie, at the top of his voice after the noon-ing was over and the crashing had begun again, "You wouldn't think that they was doin' anything, would you?"

Here the girls had but one loom. They could look after their neighbor's for a few minutes if brief absence were necessary. They stood about, quiet, unmoved, reposeful, in the deafening din.

I looked at the nearest girl. Her face was pale and she was as reposeful as the others; but her repose, as that of the others, was the repose of nervous tension. Her eyes, apparently roving, were keenly alert, and her ears were acock for the slightest noise which would indicate a break, or a float or other fault in the swiftly running threads. Even as I looked, she sprang like a cat to her loom, her nimble fingers flew for an instant so rapidly my eyes could not follow them, and then she relapsed into the old attitude of repose.

"The nervous strain of this work is devilish!" I hissed into Jimmie's ear; and I thought of the "nice" people running about the city shops and buying the lives of these girls in their bargains of dimities, challies, batistes, mulles and organdies.

"I bet you," grinned Jimmie, roaring and screeching alternately, "but s'pose they were tendin' three or four o' 'em! That 'ud lay 'em out in a few years. Then they'd have to have their hands and eyes in several places at onct. They gets docked if they spoils a piece;—it's took out o' their wages. That's why I quit runnin' a loom. My fines was so big I owed the company money every pay day. If I'd a' bin runnin' more'n one loom I'd be owin' 'em money yet."

Jimmie laughed a loud, mirthless laugh above the crash of the machinery,—the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind.

The double-loom system originated with the weavers themselves. When a weaver was not at work, the one whose loom was next in line asked to be allowed to run the two looms. This request was frequently granted, and the operative made double wages. Mill owners, observing that one weaver could, in an emergency, do what until then was considered the work of two, made it a rule that two looms should be run, instead of one. This aroused a storm of protest at the time, but it has since been generally enforced in Philadelphia.

Now the American Woollen company wants the double-loom system in Rhode Island. A single-loom system cannot compete with a double-loom system.

When one factory grinds up more human life than another factory, competition does the rest.

"The rest o' 'em has got to come to it," says Jimmie.

Jimmie lives in one of the company's houses built all in a row. There are no fences and no gardens. The grass is trampled flat.

"Do they make you live there—in their houses?"

"Jimmie cocked an eye and looked about; then he came close up to me. "No, they don't say nothin' about it; but when they has to let a feller go, it's generally the feller that lives in the houses the company don't own. I lives in a company house. I got one boy and two girls here in the factory and I don't take no chances."

"What a splendid encouragement for the workers to own their own homes!" I thought.

If a whole family, like Jimmie's, works and saves and buys a little hut for their own, it is used against them. They'll work cheaper before they'll leave it;—and workmen's houses are built by the company to rent for profit, not to stand empty at a loss.

Jimmie is a regular politician.

He does not wait for a house to fall on him before he catches on; that is certain.

He evidently hates to be everlastingly under the eye of the company;—he would at least like to shake off the incubus in his home life and have another landlord, but he has been crushed too long; his manhood has long since dwindled into mere transparent craft.

Jimmie is a product of the system.

Competition to make goods at a profit made Jimmie; and it is making his children on the same model. It is a wonderful system for preserving and dignifying human life. Jimmie's children's children are not yet in the mills; they look under "age: thirteen."

The dear, good people of the Consumers' League say at great length in the newspapers that "childhood shall be sacredly preserved for the play ground, the school-room, and the home."

"The home;" that is very touching!

A home which, instead of a mother and a father, has a tired man and woman who go away at daylight and return after dark; that is a home to "sacredly preserve," isn't it?

A life that is a funeral procession from the cradle to the grave; that's lovely, isn't it?

But they're making so much money; the greedy things!

In 1875 or thereabouts they made fifty or sixty dollars a month running one loom. Now they have to run three or four looms and drop out; nervous wrecks, at forty-five,—to earn thirty to thirty-five dollars.

These nasty strikers! Are they *never* satisfied! Do they expect to live as people live who have an "independent income?"

This is the greatest nation in the world. Last year "we" produced \$2,000,000,000 worth of goods more than "we" could consume. Mr. Depew said so.

"Do you think you could consume an extra shirt, Jimmie, out of the \$2,000,000,000, if you had wages enough to buy it?"

But Jimmie shook his head; he doesn't understand politics; and he has learned by a long and successful career that if you expect to keep your job there is only one way to vote.

Jimmie never takes any chances.—*The Socialist Spirit.*

A Call for Concerted Action.

The following resolutions were presented at the April business meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club. We hope the able editor of the "Public" will accede to the request and that effective means will be adopted to put a stop to the attacks on free speech and free press.

Whereas: Official attacks upon the freedom of speech, press, assemblage, and transmission increase day by day and year by year under many, and more and more numerous pretexts, and

Whereas: The "Torch of Reason," of Silverton, Oregon, has called for concerted action in defense of thought and utterance and has suggested that Louis F. Post, editor of "The Public" of Chicago, be requested to name a committee whose duty it shall be to investigate the conditions which all free men and women lament, and devise ways and means for a united and an effective movement in defense of that which is fundamental to all progress,—liberty of investigation and expression, and

Whereas: "Discontent" of Home, Washington, has promptly, ably, and earnestly seconded the suggestion of the "Torch of Reason," now, therefore, be it

RESOLVED: That the Manhattan Liberal Club, in regular session assembled, heartily approves of the suggestion made by the "Torch of Reason" and supported by "Discontent," and hereby joins in calling upon Louis F. Post, editor of "The Public" to select the members of such a committee, of which committee he should be the chairman.

RESOLVED: That copies of this document be sent to the editors named and to the editors of such other papers as the Secretary has reason to think would help in the struggle for unlicensed utterance, whether by pen, types, or voice.

Lucifer, the Lightbearer

M. HARMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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Lucifer—Its Meaning and Purpose.

LUCIFER—The planet Venus; so called from its brightness.—*Webster's Dictionary.*

LUCIFEROUS—Giving Light; affording light or the means of discovery.—*Same.*

LUCIFIC—Producing Light.—*Same.*

LUCIFORM—Having the form of Light.—*Same.*

The name Lucifer means Light-Bringing or Light-Bearing, and the paper that has adopted this name stands for Light against Darkness—for Reason against Superstition—for Science against Tradition—for Investigation and Enlightenment against Credulity and Ignorance—for Liberty against Slavery—for Justice against Privilege.

Life and "Law" Antagonistic Principles.

In his article, "Natural Law in the Social World," in No. 914, R. B. Kerr says:

"The whole thing is a matter of definition."

Well, then, here goes for a few definitions:

"Law" and Life are antagonistic principles, mutually destructive principles.

Where law reigns, unopposed, uncontrolled, life is not; when life begins law recedes, law yields, gives way to the stronger force.

Nature says to every organism she creates:

"There, I have given you a start; I have done my part, now do yours. Now fight; now kick; now struggle; now disobey; now rebel—and LIVE!"

"Or, take the alternative: Submit; obey; conform—and DIE!"

"To resist, to disobey, to rebel and to fight is the way of life; the necessary condition of life.

"To submit, to conform, to obey, to yield to authority, is the way of death."

Law—obedience to law—is stagnation, decay, disorganization, death.

Life is resistance to law, rebellion against law, disobedience to law, nonconformity to law.

Life means individualization; individualization means variation of type; means change, evolution, development, progress.

Law is the denial, the negation, of all these; law is the antithesis, the defeat, the absence of all these.

"The law of gravitation cannot be suspended," says Friend Kerr.

On the contrary I maintain that the "law" of gravitation is constantly suspended by the life principle in every living organism, and that it is only because of such suspension that organized life becomes possible.

The unopposed law of gravitation would arrest or prevent all life and all motion. Every heart-throb of the tiniest animal organism suspends the law of gravitation. The upright position and various motions of our own bodies during waking hours, are familiar illustrations of the suspension of the law of gravitation.

Even during sleep, when, for the sake of rest and recuperation, our bodies make an apparent surrender to the law of gravitation, the surrender is only partial. The movement of the blood in the veins, the regular though retarded actions of the heart, lungs, stomach, etc., attest the fact that effective revolt against the law of gravitation does not cease during normal sleep.

And when effective revolt seems to have ceased in the vital organism, the triumph of the law of gravitation is but momentary. Immediately the law of LEVITATION—which law is quite as powerful and quite as ubiquitous as that of gravitation—seizes the inanimate organism and scatters its elements to the "four winds," giving them no rest till again combined in other living organisms, and again engaged in their old work of suspending and defeating the law of gravitation through vital action.

This is saying nothing of the theory now quite common, that vital force—life—triumphs over the law of gravitation—law of death—by evolving a newer and more ethereal organism to take the place of the old worn-out body, and that this ethereal organism, utilizing the law of levitation, is far more successful in suspending and defeating the law of gravitation than was its grosser, its visible and tangible parent.

In the same way, though more limited in methods, the various vegetable organisms suspend and defeat the law of gravitation. When the vital force in the seed sends the stem upward into air and sunshine, and when the circulating sap carries nourishment to leaf and branch and flower, gravitation is suspended and life-force triumphant—temporarily at least.

LAW AS A HYPNOTIZER.

"From Aristotle downward every important political theorist" has helped, consciously or unconsciously, to fix upon mankind a "spell"—the most baleful of all the hypnotic spells, or mental delusions, that have ever afflicted the race, or any part thereof—the spell variously called Law, Government, Supreme Authority, Divine Will, Infinite Intelligence, etc., etc. The name Aristotle—from ARISTOS "the best"—is a good one to conjure by, for did not this greatest of Greek philosophers and logicians have the chief training of young Alexander of Macedon, afterwards known as Alexander the Great? Of course, every imperialist and every sympathizer with imperialism, whether he call himself a Democrat, a Republican, a Socialist, a Theist or simply a "believer in the universality of law," is very fond of quoting Aristotle, if for no other reason than that without Aristotle there would probably have been no Alexander, and hence imperialism would have lacked its most distinguished exemplar.

But why start with Aristotle, as Friend Kerr does? Why not go back just a little further in human history, say to the Egyptians from whom Aristotle very evidently borrowed many of his ideas? The kings and priests of Egypt well understood how to use the power now known as HYPNOSIS. Well they understood how to make the common people believe that the universe is an organism ruled by "law"—by a single will similar to that which governs the human body. Also that collective human society should conform to this cosmic ideal and be governed by a single head, or rather by two centers of nervous energy—the brain, representing civil government, and the heart (solar plexus) representing the religious, the emotional and moralistic government. Hence arose monarchy as the political ideal and hierarchy or theocracy as the religious ideal.

These two ideals, these two politico-religious concepts, have been used to hypnotize, rule and rob the masses of mankind in the interest of an elect, a governing few, ever since the time of the pyramid-builders, and that these ideals are omnipotent, or nearly so, as spells to hold the many in the toils of political and religious thralldom today, is most painfully apparent to everyone who will take time to give the subject a little serious thought.

The above paragraphs are not intended as a complete answer to the criticisms of R. B. Kerr and others upon my late article reviewing the magisterial dicta of Lyman Abbott upon the "Cause and Cure of Anarchism." Health and strength permitting I hope to show, in another article, wherein my critics agree with nature and reason, and wherein, from my standpoint, they are all in the wrong. I fully agree with Friend Kerr, that much depends upon right definition.

M. HARMAN.

By the Way.

We are glad to note that several of our exchanges showed their appreciation of William Francis Barnard's sonnet on Cecil Rhodes by republishing it; but our pleasure was somewhat dampened by their failure to give *Lucifer* due credit.

"A Healthy Comparison," for the publication of which Larkin, Goyan and Adams were indicted, and which Judge Hanford pronounced "not obscene" when the case came up for trial, is republished in "Discontent," Home, Wash., April 2. About half of the article is a selection from "The Prodigal Daughter," published and sold by us.

Lois Waisbrooker and her friends recently celebrated the seventy-sixth anniversary of her birth. Our readers are aware of the fact that she is under the ban of the postoffice department—or, rather, an inspector thereof—for sending a copy of her paper, "Clothed With the Sun," through the mails. We hope friends of free speech will send a stamp for sample copy of her paper, or, better still, ten cents for a trial, or 50 cents for a year's subscription. Mrs. Waisbrooker is the author of a number of interesting books, among which are "Helen Harlow's Vow," 25 cents; "Perfect Motherhood," \$1; "The Fountain of Life, or Threefold Power of Sex," 50 cents, and others. Order of Lois Waisbrooker, Home, Wash.

At a recent business meeting of the Manhattan Liberal Club, E. C. Walker was re-elected president, J. F. Rinn, Alexis C. Fern, and Mathilde Coffin Ford, vice-presidents; Cyrus W. Coolridge, librarian; Dr. Philip J. Reinle, Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr. and David Rousseau, trustees. This club was founded by Horace Greely nearly thirty-two years ago, and if I mistake not, has met weekly ever since. With its free platform it has been a power for good, and its present officers are a guarantee that it will continue its good work. The club meets at 8 o'clock every Friday evening in the German Masonic Temple, 220 East 15 St., New York. We hope our New York readers, and those visiting New York, will visit the club.

I agree with R. B. K.,—"Various Voices"—that Voltairine de Cleyre's work is worthy mention in *Lucifer*. The omission was unintentional. In making out the list, I hastily turned the pages of the three volumes giving the names of the most important articles that I saw, and my eye did not happen to rest on Miss de Cleyre's name. She has many admirers among *Lucifer's* readers. From a letter recently received I quote: "I hope Voltairine de Cleyre will, in the near future, give *Lucifer* an article on the poetry of Anarchism. Her article in 'Free Society,' on the literature of Anarchy, was very good. Her knowledge of poetry is extended, and selections from her large collections would be valuable." Miss de Cleyre is a very busy woman, but I hope she will find time to comply with this request.

J. Herbert Rowell, publisher of "Nichols' Monthly," a family paper recently deprived of second-class privileges by the assistant postmaster general, has issued a broadside statement of his case. Briefly stated, the paper had a subscription list of about 300,000, of whom about 200,000 had received premiums. Thinking it was the premium-giving feature to which objection was made by the department, the publisher made application for re-entry for 115,000 subscribers who had paid their money and received no premium. Application was refused on the ground that the paper was an advertising medium, and not, properly, a literary newspaper. This decision has crushed a flourishing business, and made the publishers bankrupt, besides cheating 300,000 people out of their unexpired subscriptions by rendering it impossible for the publishers to fulfill their contract. A copy of the statement will doubtless be sent on receipt of stamp, by J. Herbert Rowell, Austin, Ill.

This is simply a fresh illustration of the unbusiness-like methods of the postoffice department. The argument is that the one cent per pound rate of postage involves a loss to the government, therefore the government has the right to decide

what papers it shall thus charitably assist. It does not seem to occur to our wise law-makers that the simple and just method of settling the matter is to charge a price for postage that will cover cost, whether it be two, four, or more cents a pound, and then attend to its own business—that of carrying the mails—and keep its meddlesome hands and eyes away from the business and editorial departments of the newspapers for whose transportation it is paid.

L. H.

Fables of Asses.

WAR.

Herds of asses were constantly meeting, and disagreeing about territorial rights, feeding privileges, the enslaving of weaker ass herds, universal supremacy, and many other things; and finally from words in too great abundance they came to blows, setting about each other right lustily; kicking individually and in bodies, and trying to do each other all the harm possible. In these contests many were killed, while countless numbers were maimed for life. After some hours of conflict the tribe which was striving most successfully, that is surrounding, hurting, or killing the greater number, was declared the victor, and the defeated tribe thereupon gave up the rights which happened to be in dispute. This manner of settling matters speedily became vastly popular, as it gave full outlet to certain "natural" propensities and helped amazingly to settle the population question. The cost was seldom or never counted, so indifferent were all concerned to anything that interfered with their love of strife. How could asses be expected to reason upon their action and perceive that slaughter did not determine truth, that many things which they were quarreling over were not worth a thought, and that the rest could be settled to stay settled only by consideration, attention to justice, and a sense of the dependence of each upon all and of all upon each? An ass is an ass.

VACCINATION.

A dread epidemic broke out in Assdom, and thousands of asses fell victims to its ravages. Panic reigned supreme. Some asses made double sacrifices to their god; others fled to far regions, many ate of varied strange herbs of reputed virtue in the cure of disease, while countless thousands gave themselves over to despair and inaction. Pestilence stalked through the land almost undisturbed. Authority moved at last, and professional curers of disease began to reconsider their methods of treating the pest. One thing after another was tried experimentally, and many succumbed under the tests, but it was of no avail, asses young and old continued to die, and hundreds of new cases were reported each morning. However, pestilences wear themselves out in time, and so it proved with this one; but just as the ravages of the disease were beginning to lessen, an ass wise in his own estimation announced that he had found a sure cure for it. He said that if he were permitted to introduce the poison of one disease into the blood the other epidemic disease would not take hold upon the person thus infected. On the principle of any port in a storm, many asses submitted to the operation; more of them survived than of those who were afflicted with the pestilence, and the man of wisdom was hailed as a new savior and given all honor. To this day asses are vaccinated; it would be unreasonable to expect asses to see that it was a doubtful advantage to exchange one disease for another and let a living death supersede a sudden one. And besides, how could asses know that pure water, pure food, sanitary living places, healthful habits, and general cleanliness were preventatives of disease, and would render cures superfluous? An ass is not an especially gifted being mentally.

LOVE.

Very early in the history of ass life the relations of the sexes became matters of doubt and troubled discussion. A certain aggressive propensity on the part of the males, complemented by a disposition to yield on the part of the females, threatened to

plunge the entire community into a condition called love. Now the production of wealth as well as its distribution was carried on in such a way and under such limits that the few got most of it while the many, who did nearly all the work, got very little, and were in consequence poorly provided with provender in the shape of thistles. Young asses were all the time being born in large numbers, and each one had a mouth to be fed. It could not be denied that love was legitimate, but it was seen that in order to preserve the existing state of things restrictions and regulations would have to be placed upon its acts. Moral and religious asses also protested that without fit restriction love would lead the whole ass world to forget its sinful state and be far too happy. Stringent legislative action was determined upon, and love was to be permitted only under certain conditions and within certain rules. The result disappointed expectation; for though laws innumerable were made, love still went on in the same way as before, except that often it was secret, and that those who were ashamed of it substituted something else for it, the which was recognized as legitimate by law. But unnatural and forced relations went on day by day; loveless unions brought unloved offspring, and the whole tone of character was lowered by the consequent dissatisfaction and duplicity, as might have been expected. The official remedy for this new trouble was to shut the eyes. How would an ass know that the fault was not with love, but rather with the law? An ass could not be expected to handle so subtle a matter with credit to himself. An ass is long of ears, but short of brains.

FASHION.

The aristocracy of Assilonica, no sooner had it become differentiated from the common herd, by reason of its wealth and culture, began to wear its ears, mane, and tail in a manner unlike that followed by a vast majority of working asses, and which distinguished it in no unmistakable way from the rest. The common herd, prone to worship the "upper classes," made haste to imitate to the best of its ability the peculiar garb cultivated by the favored ones, and studied their postures, accent, and general manner in the hope of occasionally being mistaken for one of them by a less favored ass. But as fast as a given fashion was adopted by the common herd the leaders of society discarded it and devised a new and still more distinctive one to take its place. So asses in general were always a little behind the times, and only succeeded in making themselves ridiculous to those who knew because they were to the manner born. Nevertheless, fashion ruled in the minds of all asses; the males were constantly observing the latest effects shown in the fashionable feeding places, while the females were all absorbed in the modes affected by their privileged sisters. All surplus thistles were given up constantly in return for work done on ears, tail, or mane. A perfect fever of imitation took possession of the tribe and kept it. The asses could not see that fashions were often merely the result of effort to be distinguished from the "mob" and that they would change as often as they were imitated. But who could expect a living exponent of assinity to know himself for the fool that he is, and see that to give up his rights to wealth and happiness creates differences in the shape of classes whom his sole privilege is to imitate? The head of an ass is not shaped for thought.

IRONICUS.

James Philip Galvin.

It is not our custom to say much in *Lucifer* on the occasion of the death—or transition—of our friends; but many of *Lucifer's* readers were friends of Mr. Galvin, and to them something more is due than the mere statement of his death.

He was born in England, 36 years ago, of Irish-Catholic parents. His mother died when he was seven years of age. In thirteen years she had borne seven children, of whom four survived her. Jamie, as his friends familiarly called him, was sensitive, delicate in health, and "mother's boy," her confidante, to a degree unusual for so young a child. His father was healthy, strong, careless. The family were poor, and in their

limited quarters, in long and sleepless nights "Jamie" heard things that filled his childish soul with indignation, and started him on the road which led to a belief in the ownership by woman of her own person, and her equal rights with man in the home.

After the mother's death the children went to live with an aunt, already overburdened with a large family of her own, and from early childhood they earned their living in the cotton mills. From seven to ten or twelve years of age, "Jamie" worked half a day in the mill, and went to school half a day. Then he quit school and worked ten hours a day in the mill. At seventeen years of age he came to the United States, and the struggle for existence was not so hard. In spite of hardships he was always cheerful, hopeful and helpful.

Our real acquaintance with him began when he, with his sweetheart Etta, lived at our home for a few months five years ago. Hers was a loving, lovable nature, and we were deeply interested in her and in him. She was dying of consumption, and he cared for her devotedly. She died after a gradual decline of about two years. He was with her day and night anticipating her every wish. Whether he contracted the disease from her, or whether he carried the seeds from his delicate childhood, it would be difficult to say; at any rate after a heroic struggle of five years for life he succumbed and died at our home, quietly, painlessly, and unconsciously, on Sunday, April 13.

He wished to live, and believed he would live. To him continued existence was a fact.

Much of interest and value could be written of the lives of these truly mated lovers, but publicity might be painful to them, were they conscious of it. Whether they continue to live, or whether they have sunk into a dreamless sleep, I do not know, but I am glad that they lived and glad that they were my friends.

L. H.

VARIOUS VOICES.

H. W. Hunt, Federalsburg, Md.:—I see by my wrapper that my subscription to *Lucifer* expired some weeks ago. Enclosed find one dollar to help keep the flag of freedom flying in the face of the foe. A crisis is on us, and we who believe in truth for each and justice for all must stand by our colors.

Anna J. Austin, Pa.:—A friend writes to me saying, "Send to Mr. Harman for 'Our Worship of Primitive Social Guesses' by E. C. Walker, and if it does not contain the best and truest ideas you ever saw, I will return you its cost and postage." Well, I have read some excellent things lately and if this is still better I certainly want it so I herewith enclose 15 cents which my friend informs me is the price of the booklet.

J. F. Phar, Davenport, Wash.:—I have just read No. 913 of your valuable paper. I am much pleased with it and its contributors, especially Albert Strout who pictures true to life the Socialist agitator. I am taking more papers now than I can read, but I desire to help support all papers that open their columns to Socialist writers, therefore I enclose 25 cents for trial subscription. Will do better later on.

R. B. K., Phoenix, B. C.:—I am sorry that in your list of important contributions to *Lucifer* during the last three years, you never mention V. de Cleve. Her recent article on "The Death of Love" was the most beautiful gem of English prose that has been produced for many years. Assuredly Voltairine is one of the immortals, and I only hope the world uses her better than it is in the habit of using such people during their lives. Sometimes she is a little slipshod, but when at her best she writes as one of Homer's goddesses might have done.

A. A. L., Newbury, Mass.:—I want one of Mrs. Craddock's books. As you say, they have cost her dear. Whatever they are, the point is that society tries to determine that teaching shall not pass the limit of its crass ignorance. I cannot, try as

I will, get the point of view of "people," or guess how they can look on simple things with such distorted vision. To mind one's own business and let other folks alone seems one of the simplest things in life. By the way, Dr. Foote's "Home Encyclopedia" surpasses anything I've ever seen in dealing with some vital questions—and the only one that seems to be written for the female as well as the male.

H. J., Abilene, Tex.:—Find enclosed 20 cents for which please send me literature from Bargain Counter as named herewith. If any or all are not in stock, send something of your own choosing instead. I find more and more to stimulate thought and sharpen the appetite for truth in the class of literature advertised in Lucifer, and I expect to keep ordering from time to time, as my limited means will permit. Am pained to read of death and sickness in the Lucifer family. How can I get photograph of the Harman family?

[Portraits of M. H. and L. H. appear in "Personal Rights and Sexual Wrongs," that of L. H. in "Bar Sinister and Licit Love," (see adv. columns). We also have a few photographs of our home in which M. Harman, his daughter Lillian, and grand-daughter Virna appear. The cost of this is 35 cents.]

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